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MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS
DOCTOR STRANGE™
CO-STARRING THE SAVAGE SUB MARINER!
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Once he was a man like most *others*— a *worldly* man, seduced and jaded by *material* things. But then he discovered the *separate* reality, where *sorcery* and *men's souls* shaped the forces that shape our *lives*. In that instant, he was *born again*, to become a man like no other!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: Dr. STRANGE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!™

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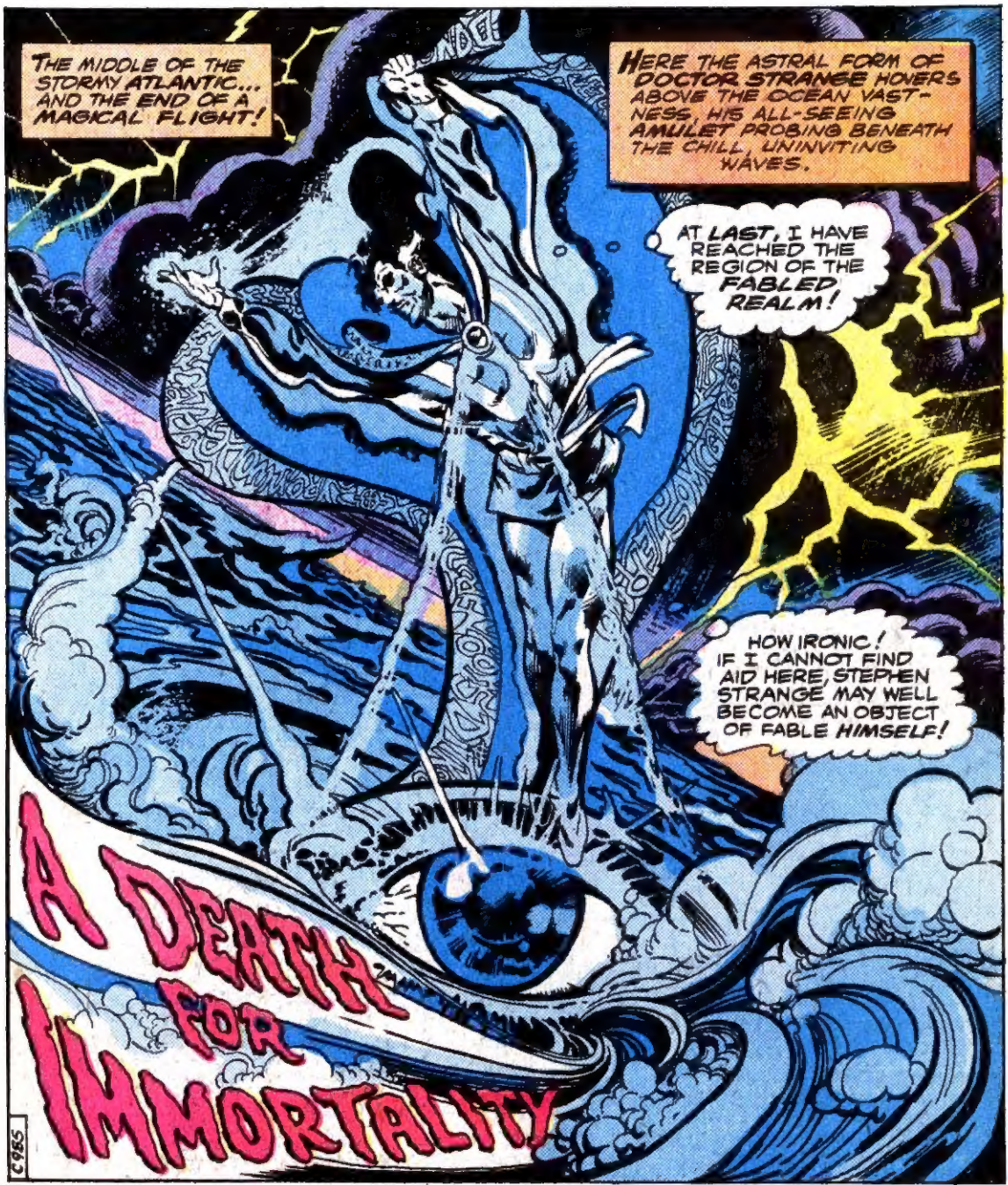
THE MIDDLE OF THE STORMY ATLANTIC... AND THE END OF A MAGICAL FLIGHT!
HERE THE ASTRAL FORM OF DOCTOR STRANGE HOVERS ABOVE THE OCEAN VASTNESS, HIS ALL-SEEING AMULET PROBING BENEATH THE CHILL, UNINVITING WAVES.
AT LAST, I HAVE REACHED THE REGION OF THE FABLED REALM!
HOW IRONIC! IF I CANNOT FIND AID HERE, STEPHEN STRANGE MAY WELL BECOME AN OBJECT OF FABLE HIMSELF!
A DEATH FOR IMMORTALITY
C1985

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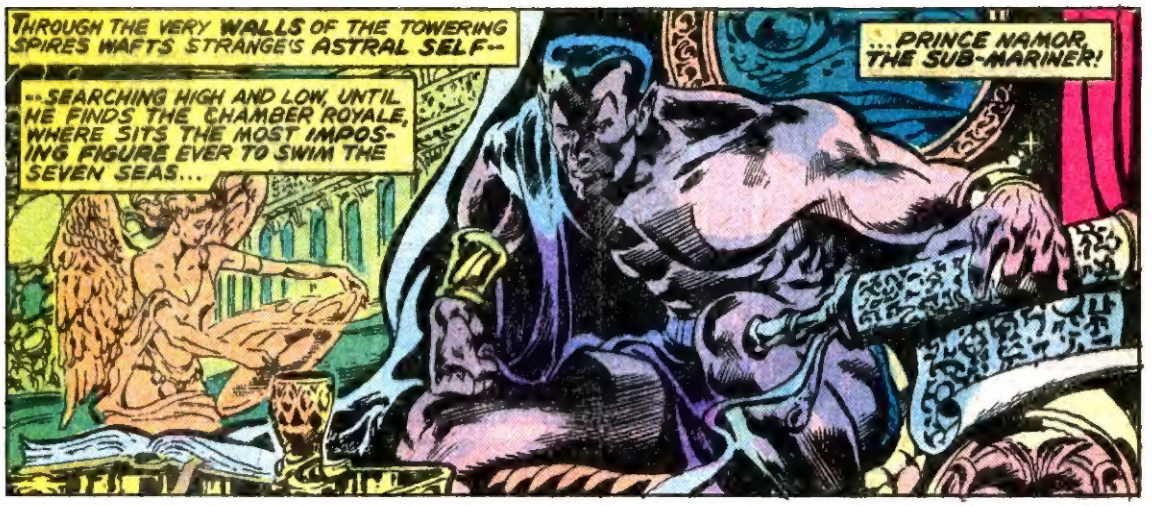
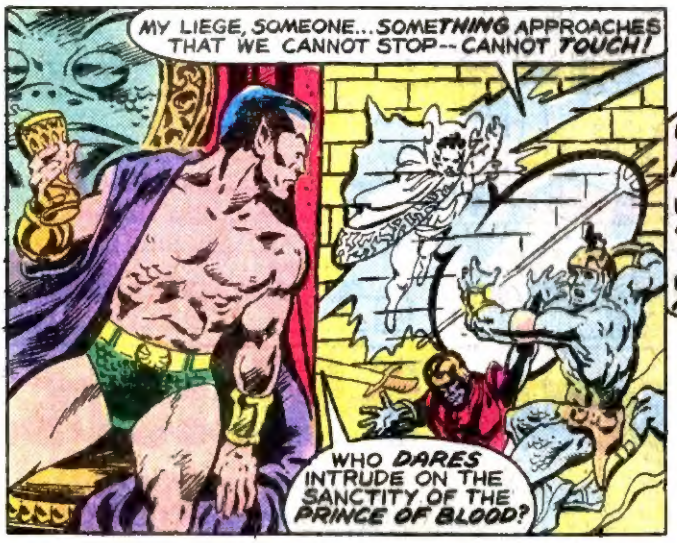
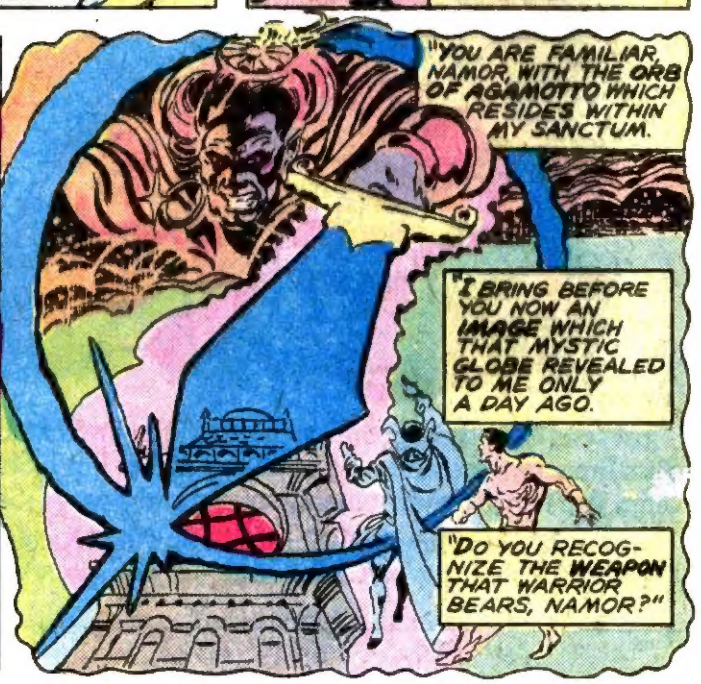
DOWN...DOWN...DOWN SINKS THE ASTRAL MYSTIC--DESCENDING DEEP INTO THE TURBULENT WATERS.
FINALLY, AT A DEPTH THAT WOULD CRUSH A HUMAN FRAME, HE GIVES PAUSE--
--HIS SUBSTANCELESS EYES ONCE MORE BEHOLDING THE CITY HE SEEKS...
...ATLANTIS!
THERE SWIMS THE ATLANTEAN GUARD. WOULD THAT THEY WERE MERMAIDS COME TO WELCOME THIS WEARY TRAVELER.
BUT PERHAPS THERE IS NO LONGER ANY PLACE ON OUR WORLD FOR SAD-EYED SEA MAIDENS.
PERHAPS THERE IS NOT A PLACE LEFT WHERE A STRANGER MAY BE WELCOMED WITH ENTHUSIASM... AND WITHOUT SUSPICION!

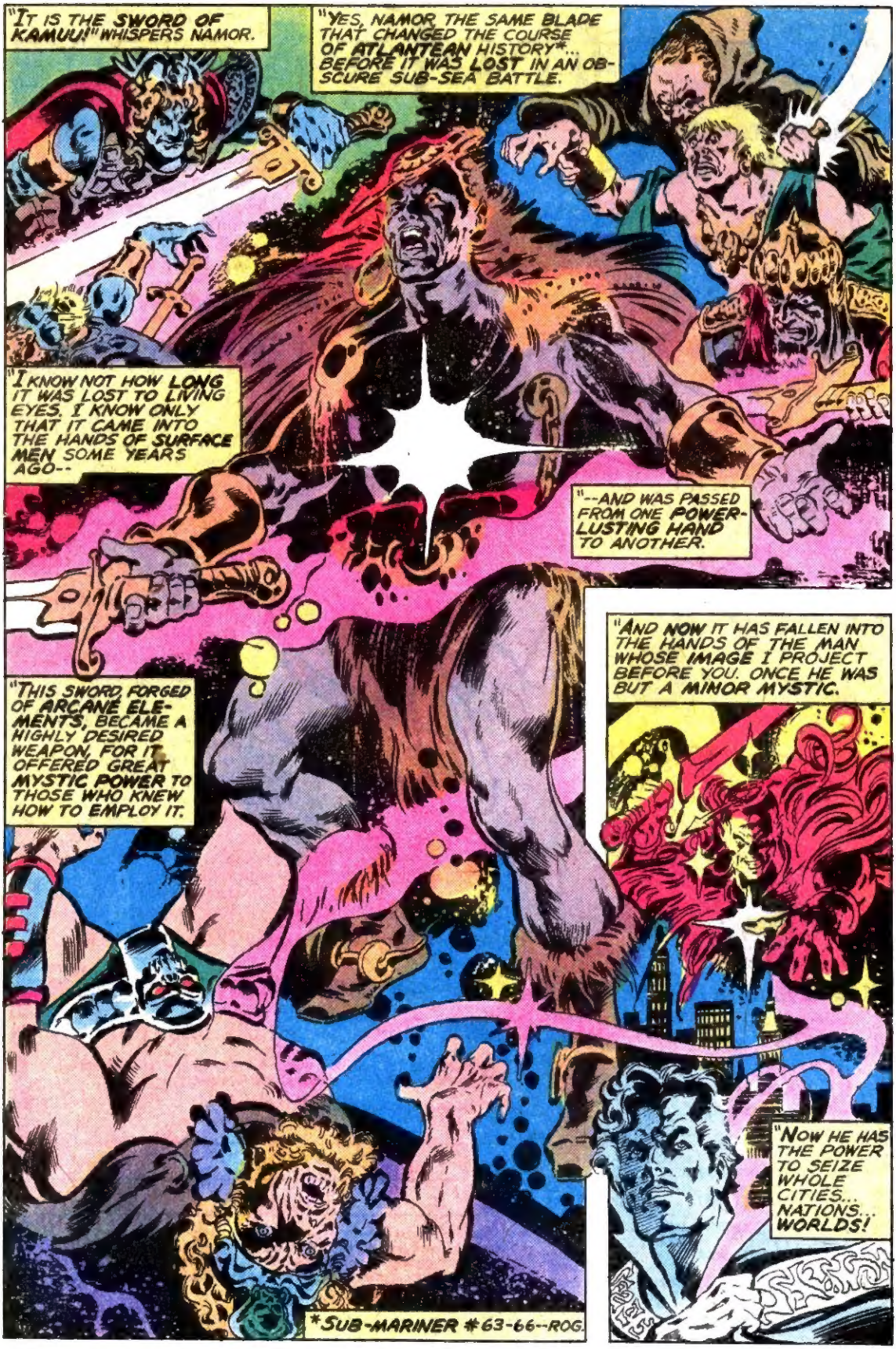

THROUGH THE VERY WALLS OF THE TOWERING SPIRES WAFTS STRANGE'S ASTRAL SELF--
--SEARCHING HIGH AND LOW, UNTIL HE FINDS THE CHAMBER ROYALE, WHERE SITS THE MOST IMPOSING FIGURE EVER TO SWIM THE SEVEN SEAS...
...PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER!

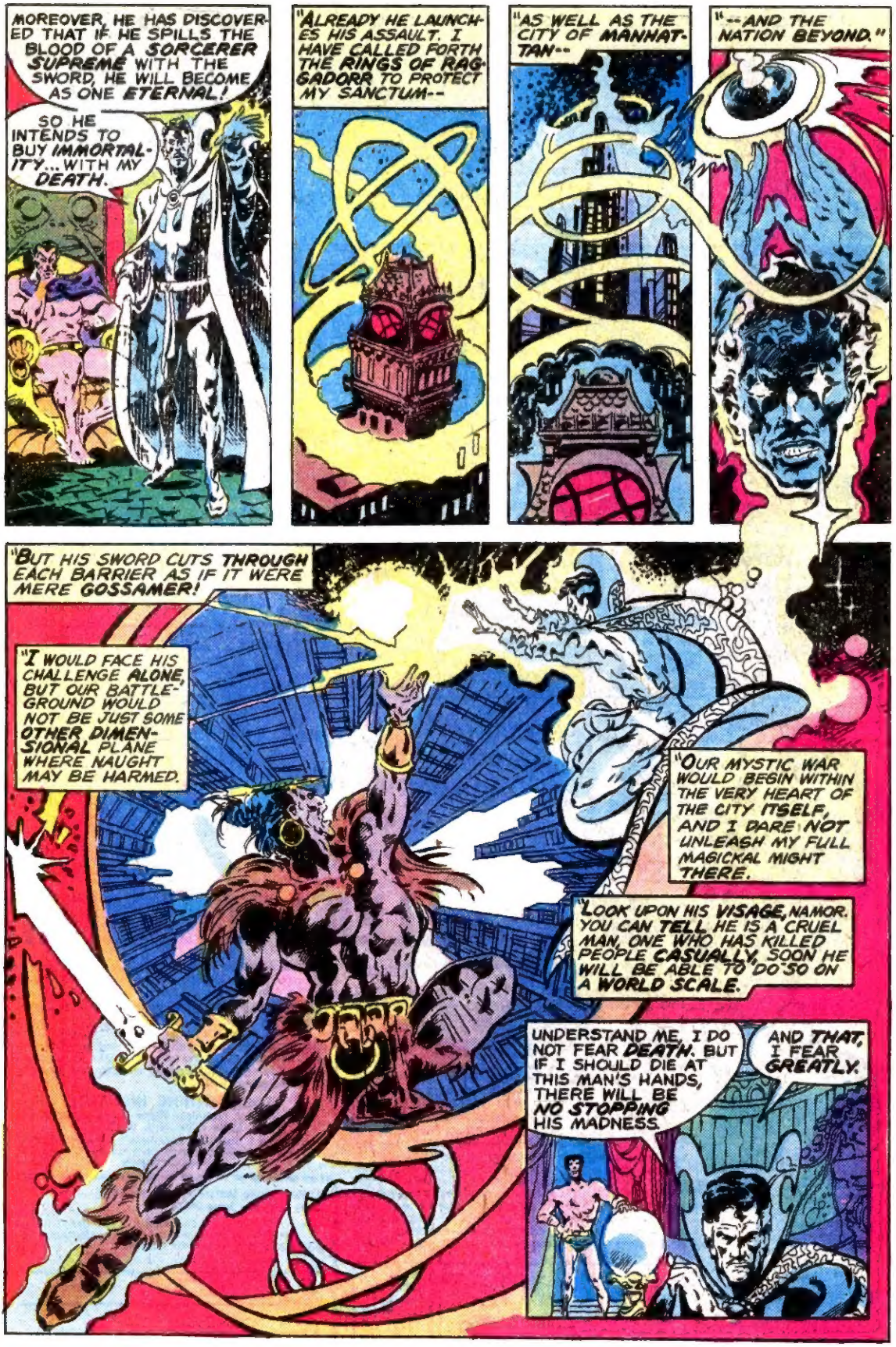

MY LIEGE, SOMEONE...SOMETHING APPROACHES THAT WE CANNOT STOP--CANNOT TOUCH!
WHO DARES INTRUDE ON THE SANCTITY OF THE PRINCE OF BLOOD?

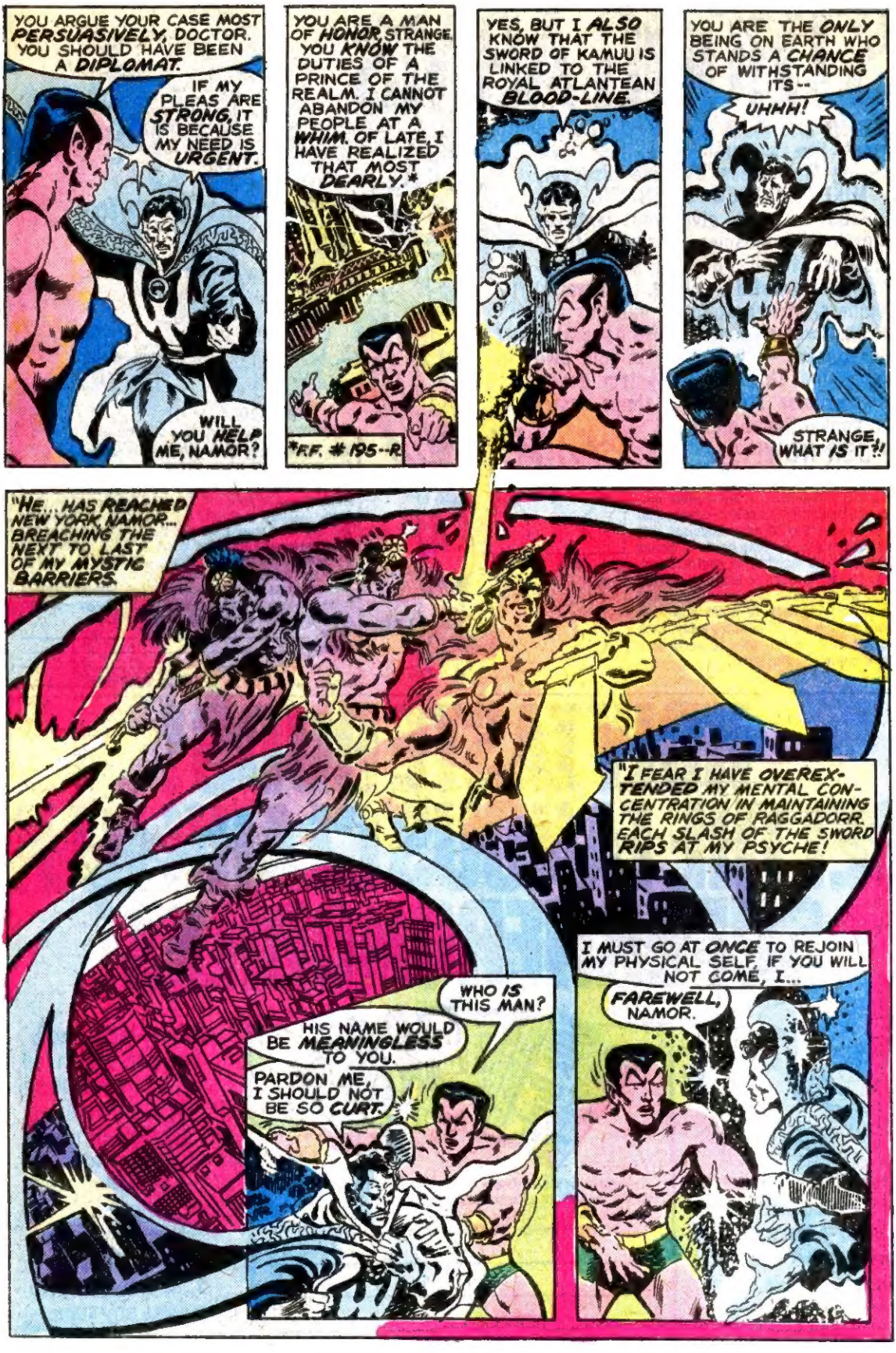
FORGIVE ME, MY FRIEND, BUT CIRCUMSTANCES NECESSITATED MY ARRIVAL IN THIS FORM.
STRANGE!
FOOL! DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE THE ONE WHO AIDED ATLANTIS AGAINST THE HORDES OF ATTUMA?*
*DEFENDERS # 8--R.

PLEASE, NAMOR, THERE IS NO TIME FOR PROTOCOL! MY VERY DEATH IS IMMINENT, AND YOU ALONE MAY BE ABLE TO STAY THAT END!
YOU SPEAK MELODRAMATIC GIBBERISH, DOCTOR. SUREL NO MORTAL BEING COULD SO THREATEN YOU!
AH, WERE THAT ONLY SO!

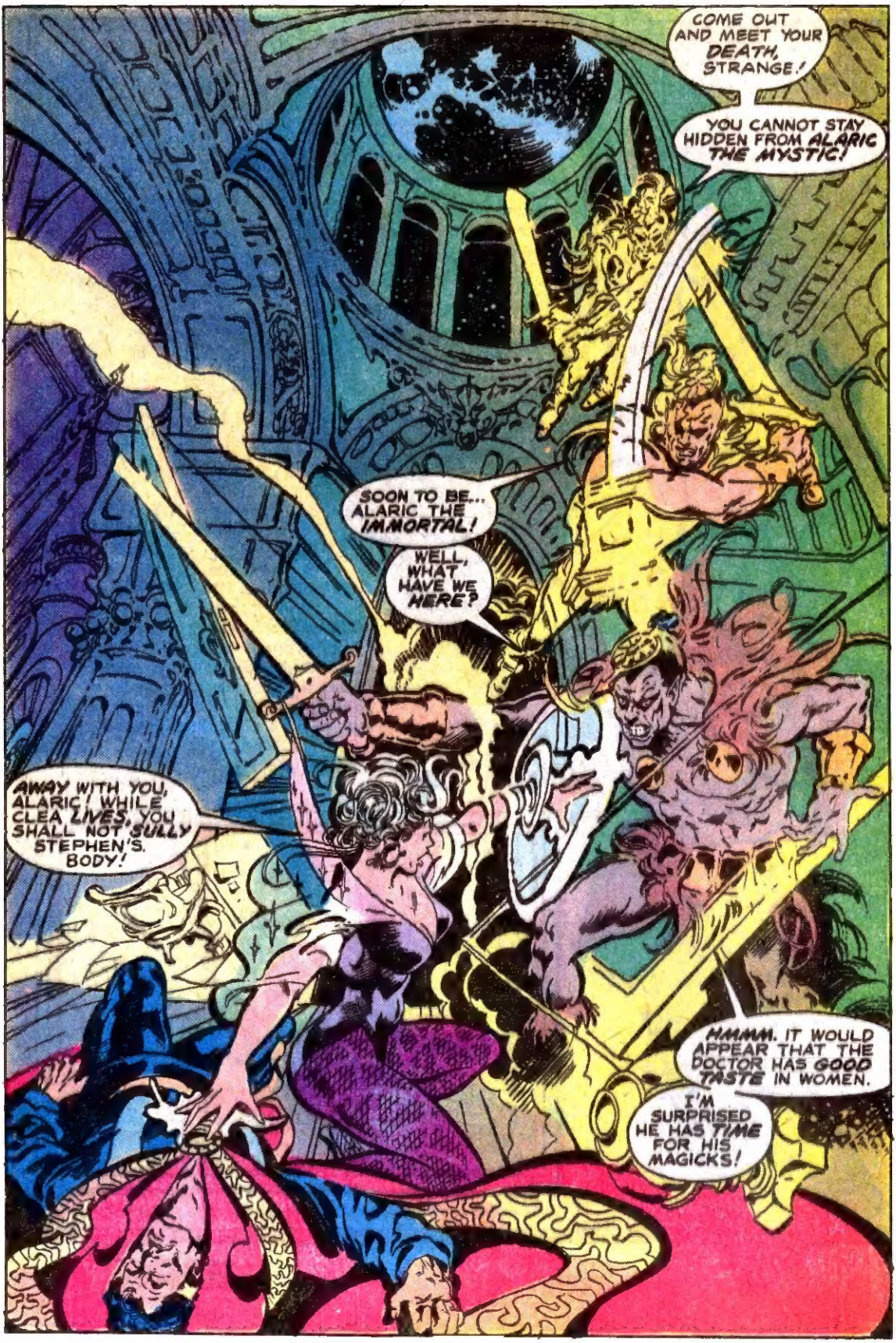

"YOU ARE FAMILIAR, NAMOR, WITH THE ORB OF AGAMOTTO WHICH RESIDES WITHIN MY SANCTUM.
"I BRING BEFORE YOU NOW AN IMAGE WHICH THAT MYSTIC GLOBE REVEALED TO ME ONLY A DAY AGO.
"DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE WEAPON THAT WARRIOR BEARS, NAMOR?"

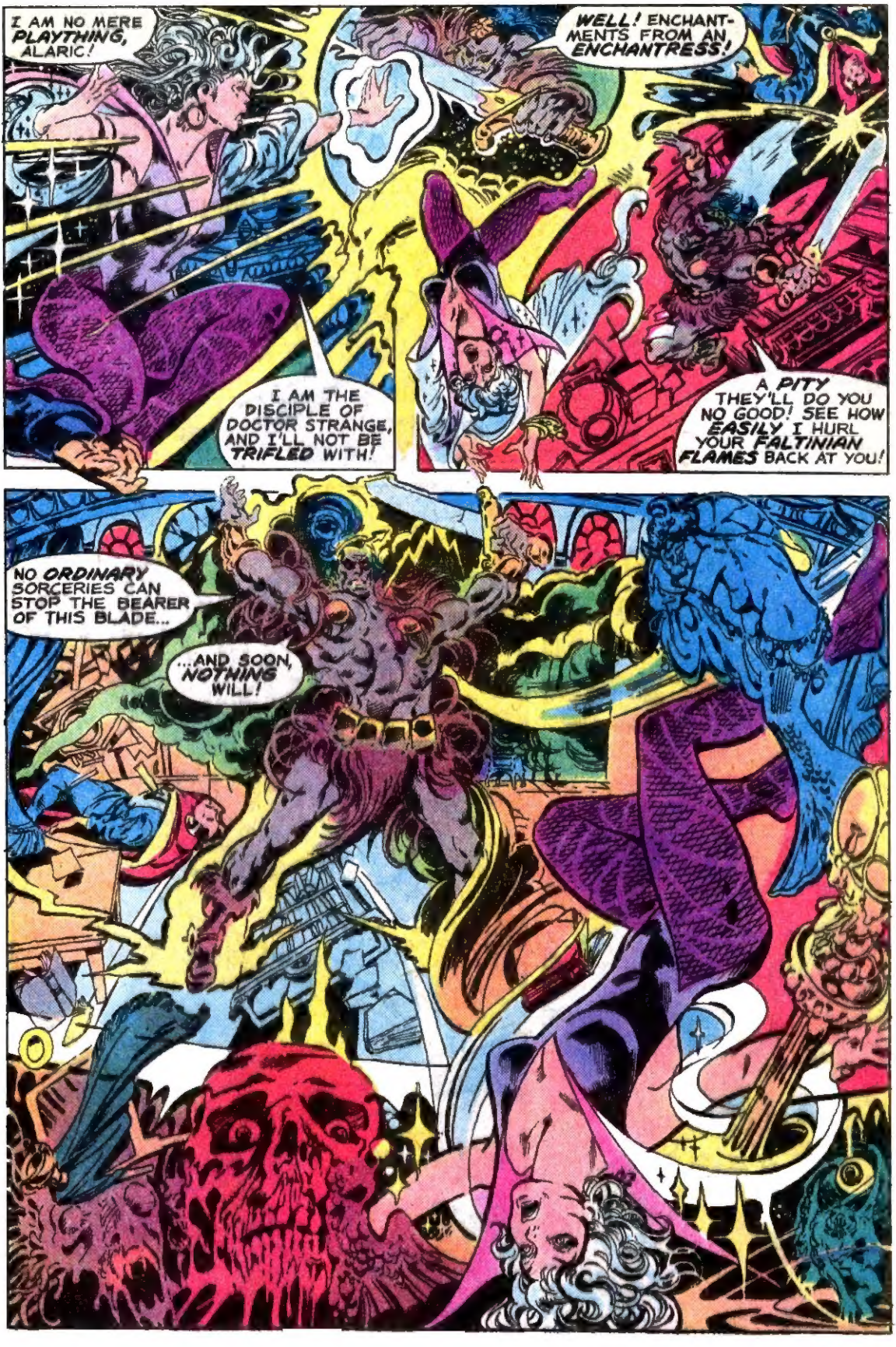

"IT IS THE SWORD OF KAMUU!" WHISPERS NAMOR.
"YES, NAMOR THE SAME BLADE THAT CHANGED THE COURSE OF ATLANTEAN HISTORY*... BEFORE IT WAS LOST IN AN OBSCURE SUB-SEA BATTLE.
"I KNOW NOT HOW LONG IT WAS LOST TO LIVING EYES. I KNOW ONLY THAT IT CAME INTO THE HANDS OF SURFACE MEN SOME YEARS AGO--
"--AND WAS PASSED FROM ONE POWER-LUSTING HAND TO ANOTHER.
"THIS SWORD, FORGED OF ARCANE ELEMENTS, BECAME A HIGHLY DESIRED WEAPON, FOR IT OFFERED GREAT MYSTIC POWER TO THOSE WHO KNEW HOW TO EMPLOY IT.
"AND NOW IT HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE MAN WHOSE IMAGE I PROJECT BEFORE YOU. ONCE HE WAS BUT A MINOR MYSTIC.
"NOW HE HAS THE POWER TO SEIZE WHOLE CITIES... NATIONS... WORLDS!
*SUB-MARINER #63-66--ROG.

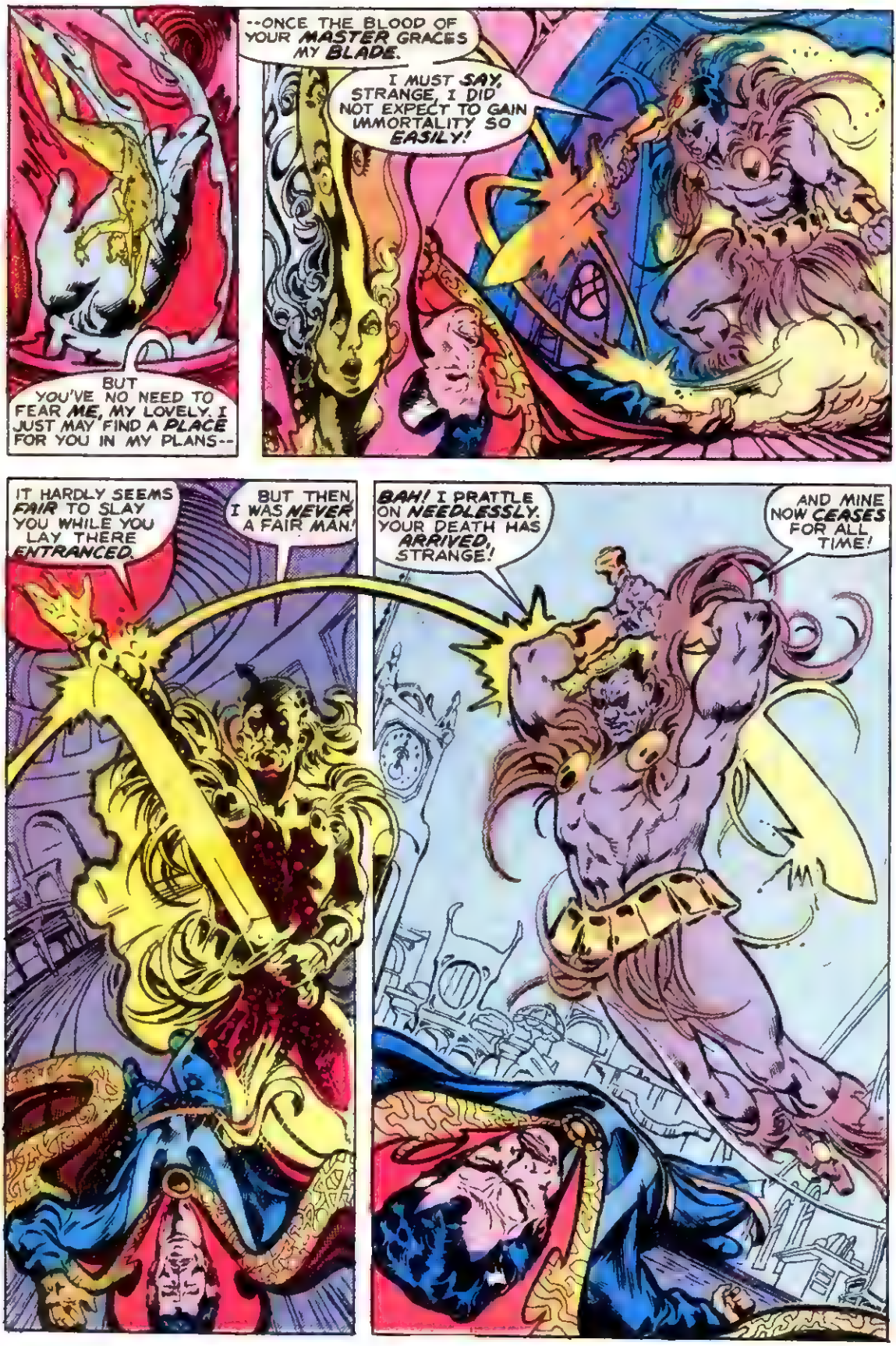

MOREOVER, HE HAS DISCOVERED THAT IF HE SPILLS THE BLOOD OF A SORCERER SUPREME WITH THE SWORD, HE WILL BECOME AS ONE ETERNAL!
SO HE INTENDS TO BUY IMMORTALITY... WITH MY DEATH.
"ALREADY HE LAUNCHES HIS ASSAULT. I HAVE CALLED FORTH THE RINGS OF RAGGADORR TO PROTECT MY SANCTUM--
"AS WELL AS THE CITY OF MANHATTAN--
"--AND THE NATION BEYOND."
"BUT HIS SWORD CUTS THROUGH EACH BARRIER AS IF IT WERE MERE GOSSAMER!
"I WOULD FACE HIS CHALLENGE ALONE, BUT OUR BATTLEGROUND WOULD NOT BE JUST SOME OTHER DIMENSIONAL PLANE WHERE NAUGHT MAY BE HARMED.
"OUR MYSTIC WAR WOULD BEGIN WITHIN THE VERY HEART OF THE CITY ITSELF, AND I DARE NOT UNLEASH MY FULL MAGICKAL MIGHT THERE.
"LOOK UPON HIS VISAGE, NAMOR. YOU CAN TELL HE IS A CRUEL MAN, ONE WHO HAS KILLED PEOPLE CASUALLY. SOON HE WILL BE ABLE TO DO SO ON A WORLD SCALE.
UNDERSTAND ME, I DO NOT FEAR DEATH. BUT IF I SHOULD DIE AT THIS MAN'S HANDS, THERE WILL BE NO STOPPING HIS MADNESS.
AND THAT, I FEAR GREATLY.

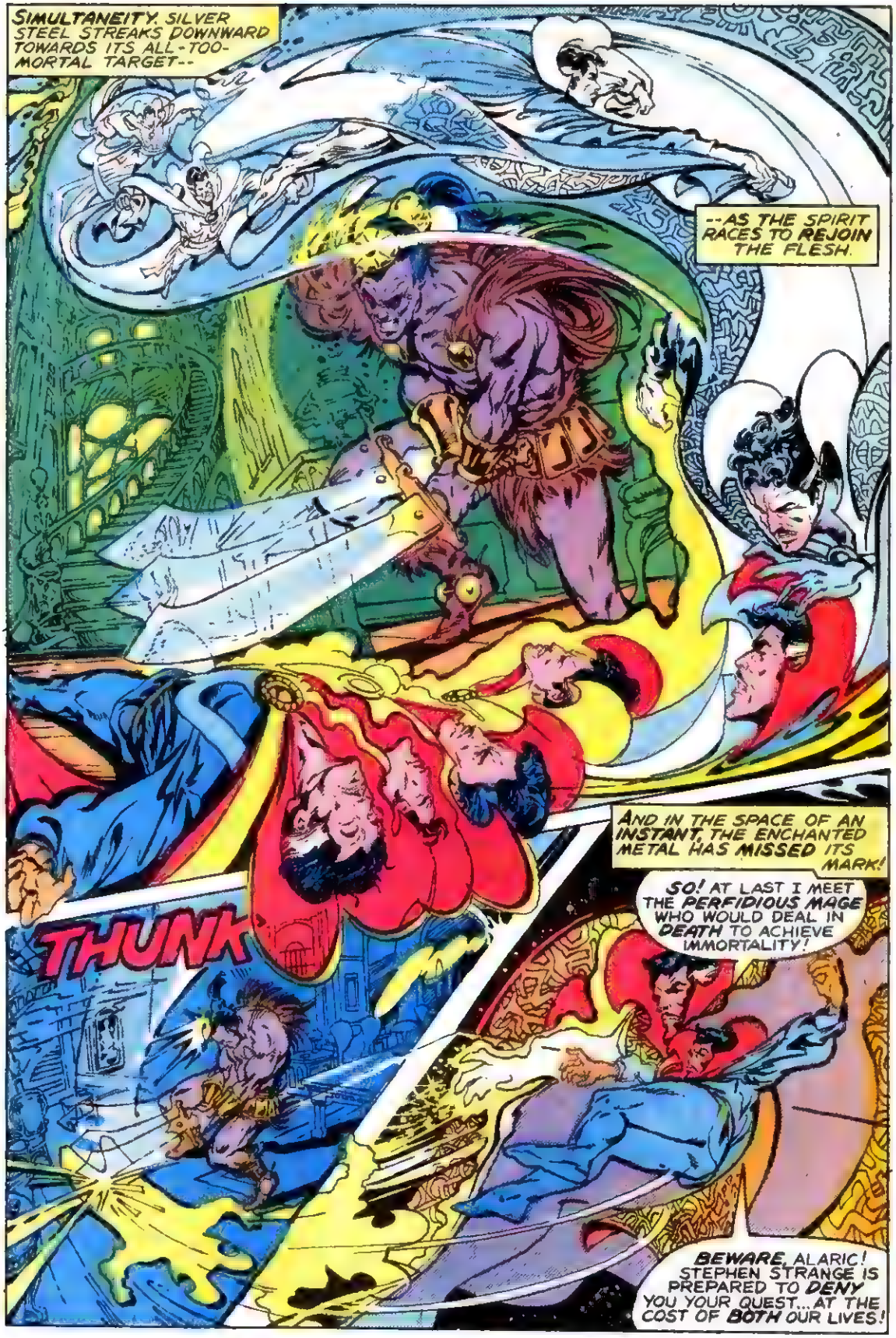

YOU ARGUE YOUR CASE MOST PERSUASIVELY, DOCTOR. YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A DIPLOMAT.
IF MY PLEAS ARE STRONG, IT IS BECAUSE MY NEED IS URGENT.
WILL YOU HELP ME, NAMOR?
YOU ARE A MAN OF HONOR, STRANGE. YOU KNOW THE DUTIES OF A PRINCE OF THE REALM. I CANNOT ABANDON MY PEOPLE AT A WHIM. OF LATE, I HAVE REALIZED THAT MOST DEARLY.*
*F.F. # 195--R.
YES, BUT I ALSO KNOW THAT THE SWORD OF KAMUU IS LINKED TO THE ROYAL ATLANTEAN BLOOD-LINE.
YOU ARE THE ONLY BEING ON EARTH WHO STANDS A CHANCE OF WITHSTANDING ITS--
UHHH!
STRANGE, WHAT IS IT?!
"HE... HAS REACHED NEW YORK, NAMOR... BREACHING THE NEXT TO LAST OF MY MYSTIC BARRIERS.
"I FEAR I HAVE OVEREXTENDED MY MENTAL CONCENTRATION IN MAINTAINING THE RINGS OF RAGGADORR. EACH SLASH OF THE SWORD RIPS AT MY PSYCHE!
I MUST GO AT ONCE TO REJOIN MY PHYSICAL SELF. IF YOU WILL NOT COME, I...
FAREWELL, NAMOR.
WHO IS THIS MAN?
HIS NAME WOULD BE MEANINGLESS TO YOU.
PARDON ME, I SHOULD NOT BE SO CURT.

MY LIEGE, HE DEPARTS!
HE HAS HAD HIS SAY. LEAVE ME NOW, I HAVE MUCH TO CONSIDER.
IT IS BARELY PAST DAWN WHEN GREENWICH VILLAGE'S EARLY RISERS TAKE TO THE STREETS.
THEY CANNOT SEE THE TATTERED REMAINS OF RAGGADORR'S RINGS, BUT THEY CAN SEE THE MAN WHO TORE THEM ASUNDER.
WILL YA GET A LOAD OF THAT? I WONDER WHAT HE'S ADVERTISING?
BOOK HIM ON WHAT? THAT'S SURE NO CONCEALED WEAPON HE'S CARRYING!
THIS PLACE SMELLS OF TOO MANY DOGS, BEFOULING THE SIDEWALKS AND AIR.
THE SORCERER COULD HAVE CHOSEN A CLEANER PLACE TO LIVE--
--AND DIE!
I BID ENTRANCE, DOCTOR STRANGE! FOR I AM ALARIC--
--HE WHO SHALL RULE ALL!
NO BARRIER CAN LONG WITHSTAND THE SWORD OF KAMUU, STRANGE!
NOR SHALL YOU!

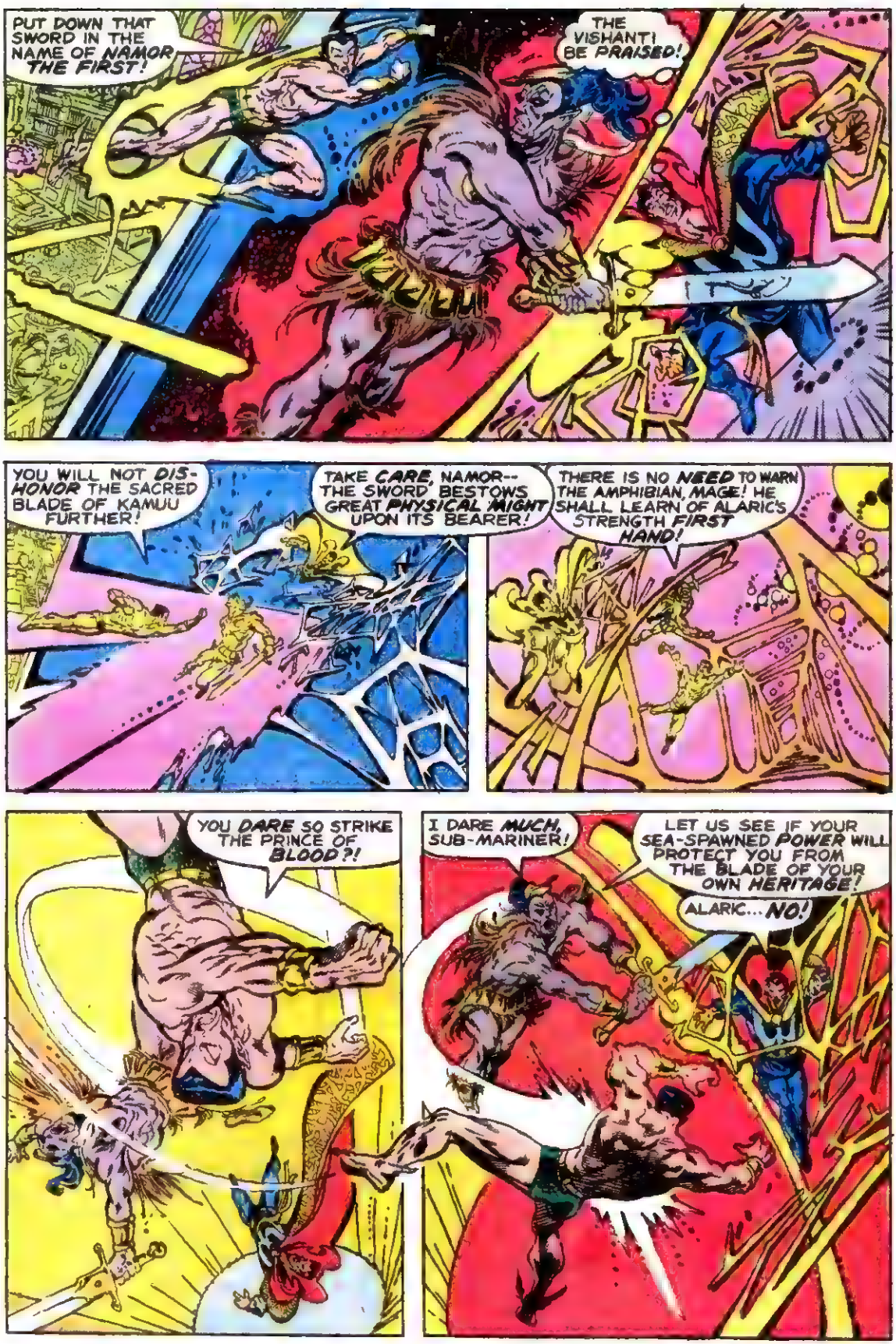

COME OUT AND MEET YOUR DEATH, STRANGE!
YOU CANNOT STAY HIDDEN FROM ALARIC THE MYSTIC!
SOON TO BE... ALARIC THE IMMORTAL!
WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
AWAY WITH YOU, ALARIC! WHILE CLEA LIVES, YOU SHALL NOT SULLY STEPHEN'S BODY!
HMMM. IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THE DOCTOR HAS GOOD TASTE IN WOMEN.
I'M SURPRISED HE HAS TIME FOR HIS MAGICKS!

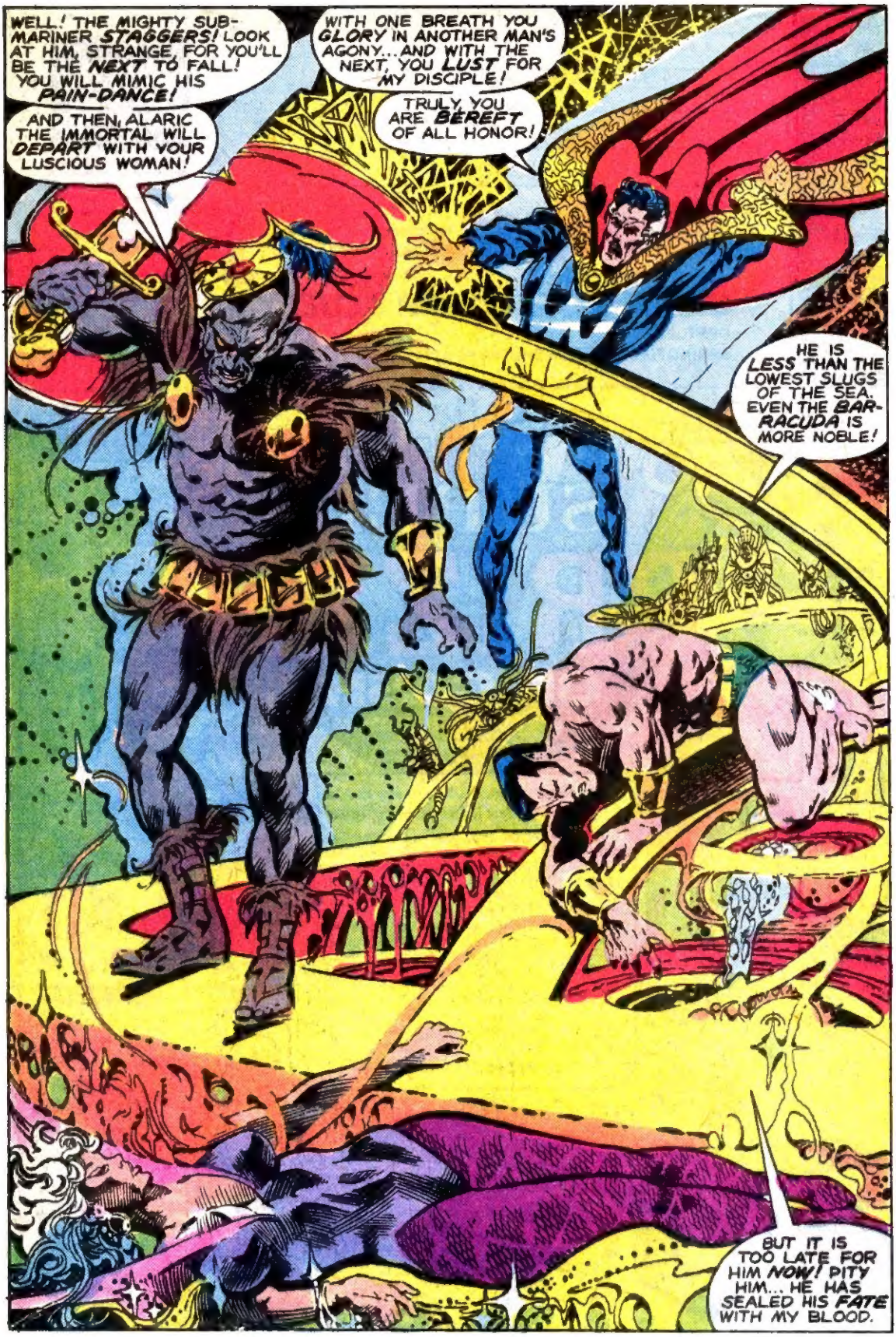

I AM NO MERE PLAYTHING, ALARIC!
WELL! ENCHANTMENTS FROM AN ENCHANTRESS!
I AM THE DISCIPLE OF DOCTOR STRANGE, AND I'LL NOT BE TRIFLED WITH!
A PITY THEY'LL DO YOU NO GOOD! SEE HOW EASILY I HURL YOUR FALTINIAN FLAMES BACK AT YOU!
NO ORDINARY SORCERIES CAN STOP THE BEARER OF THIS BLADE...
...AND SOON, NOTHING WILL!

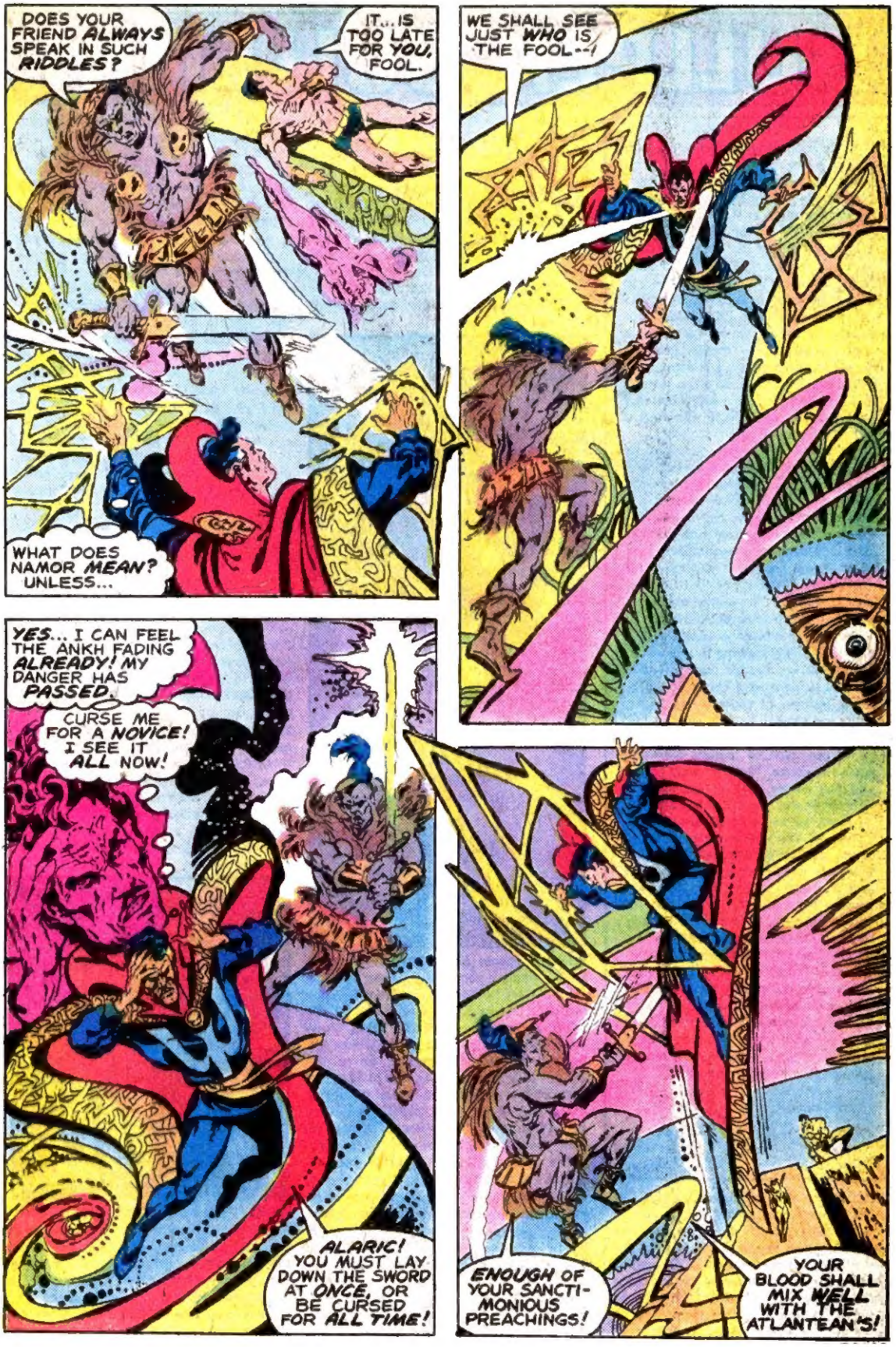

BUT YOU'VE NO NEED TO FEAR ME, MY LOVELY. I JUST MAY FIND A PLACE FOR YOU IN MY PLANS--
--ONCE THE BLOOD OF YOUR MASTER GRACES MY BLADE.
I MUST SAY, STRANGE, I DID NOT EXPECT TO GAIN IMMORTALITY SO EASILY!
IT HARDLY SEEMS FAIR TO SLAY YOU WHILE YOU LAY THERE ENTRANCED.
BUT THEN, I WAS NEVER A FAIR MAN!
BAH! I PRATTLE ON NEEDLESSLY. YOUR DEATH HAS ARRIVED, STRANGE!
AND MINE NOW CEASES FOR ALL TIME!

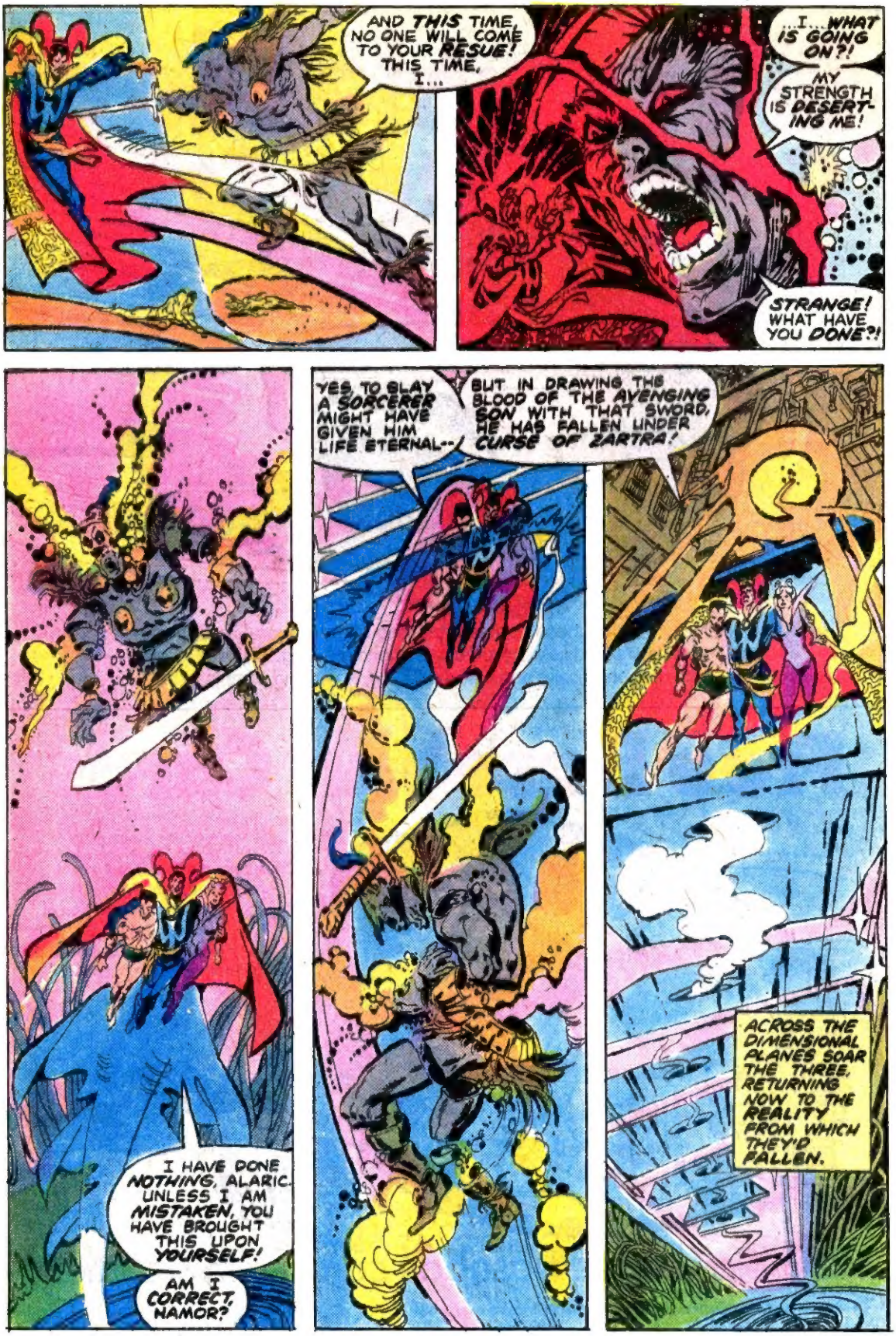

SIMULTANEITY. SILVER STEEL STREAKS DOWNWARD TOWARDS ITS ALL-TOO-MORTAL TARGET--
--AS THE SPIRIT RACES TO REJOIN THE FLESH.
AND IN THE SPACE OF AN INSTANT, THE ENCHANTED METAL HAS MISSED ITS MARK!
THUNK
SO! AT LAST I MEET THE PERFIDIOUS MAGE WHO WOULD DEAL IN DEATH TO ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY!
BEWARE, ALARIC! STEPHEN STRANGE IS PREPARED TO DENY YOU YOUR QUEST... AT THE COST OF BOTH OUR LIVES!

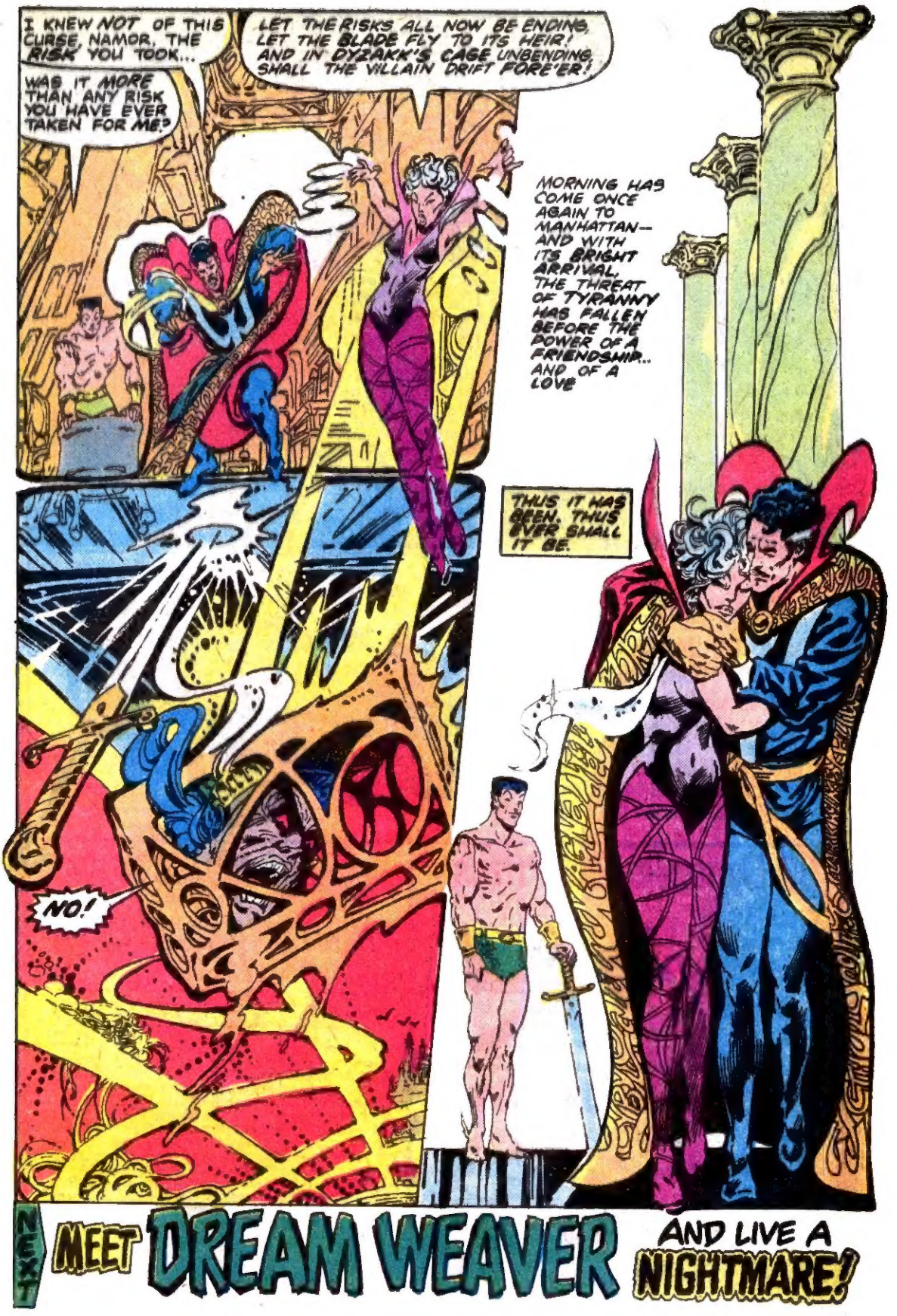
HA-HA-HA! GO AHEAD--HURL YOUR MIGHTIEST SPELLS, STRANGE! NONE SHALL PASS MY BLADE!
TIBORO TAKE HIM, HE SPEAKS TRUE. THE GEM UPON THE SWORD'S HILT--THE EYE OF ZARTRA--IS OF AN ANCIENT, ALMOST FORGOTTEN SORCERY. I CANNOT FIGHT IT ON THIS PLANE.
YES, DEATH IS AGAIN NEAR. I CAN FEEL THE ANK'H BURNING UPON MY BROW.
WELL, STRANGE, DO YOU YIELD?
I HAVE HEARD IT SAID THAT YOU ARE A CHAMPION OF LIFE, SORCERER.
KER-RASH!
EH?
IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT YOU SHALL MAKE ME IM-MORTAL!
NEVER! THERE IS IS STILL ONE OPTION LEFT ME. I MUST TAKE MY OWN LIFE IN THE INSTANT BEFORE HE STRIKES!


PUT DOWN THAT SWORD IN THE NAME OF NAMOR THE FIRST!
THE VISHANTI BE PRAISED!
YOU WILL NOT DISHONOR THE SACRED BLADE OF KAMUU FURTHER!
TAKE CARE, NAMOR--THE SWORD BESTOWS GREAT PHYSICAL MIGHT UPON ITS BEARER!
THERE IS NO NEED TO WARN THE AMPHIBIAN, MAGE! HE SHALL LEARN OF ALARIC'S STRENGTH FIRST HAND!
YOU DARE SO STRIKE THE PRINCE OF BLOOD?!
I DARE MUCH, SUB-MARINER!
LET US SEE IF YOUR SEA-SPAWNED POWER WILL PROTECT YOU FROM THE BLADE OF YOUR OWN HERITAGE!
ALARIC... NO!


WELL! THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER *STAGGERS!* LOOK AT HIM, STRANGE, FOR YOU'LL BE THE *NEXT* TO FALL! YOU WILL MIMIC HIS *PAIN-DANCE!*
WITH ONE BREATH YOU *GLORY* IN ANOTHER MAN'S AGONY...AND WITH THE NEXT, YOU *LUST* FOR MY DISCIPLE!
AND THEN, ALARIC THE IMMORTAL WILL *DEPART* WITH YOUR LUSCIOUS WOMAN!
TRULY, YOU ARE *BEREFT* OF ALL HONOR!
HE IS *LESS* THAN THE LOWEST SLUGS OF THE SEA. EVEN THE *BARRACUDA* IS MORE NOBLE!
BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR HIM *NOW!* PITY HIM... HE HAS SEALED HIS *FATE* WITH MY BLOOD.


DOES YOUR FRIEND ALWAYS SPEAK IN SUCH RIDDLES?
IT... IS TOO LATE FOR YOU, FOOL.
WHAT DOES NAMOR MEAN? UNLESS...
WE SHALL SEE JUST WHO IS THE FOOL--!
YES... I CAN FEEL THE ANKH FADING ALREADY! MY DANGER HAS PASSED.
CURSE ME FOR A NOVICE! I SEE IT ALL NOW!
ALARIC! YOU MUST LAY DOWN THE SWORD AT ONCE, OR BE CURSED FOR ALL TIME!
ENOUGH OF YOUR SANCTIMONIOUS PREACHINGS!
YOUR BLOOD SHALL MIX WELL WITH THE ATLANTEAN'S!


AND THIS TIME, NO ONE WILL COME TO YOUR RESCUE! THIS TIME, I...
...I...WHAT IS GOING ON?!
MY STRENGTH IS DESERTING ME!
STRANGE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
I HAVE DONE NOTHING, ALARIC. UNLESS I AM MISTAKEN, YOU HAVE BROUGHT THIS UPON YOURSELF!
AM I CORRECT, NAMOR?
YES TO SLAY A SORCERER MIGHT HAVE GIVEN HIM LIFE ETERNAL--
BUT IN DRAWING THE BLOOD OF THE AVENGING SON WITH THAT SWORD, HE HAS FALLEN UNDER CURSE OF ZARTRA!
ACROSS THE DIMENSIONAL PLANES SOAR THE THREE, RETURNING NOW TO THE REALITY FROM WHICH THEY'D FALLEN.


I KNEW NOT OF THIS CURSE, NAMOR, THE RISK YOU TOOK...
WAS IT MORE THAN ANY RISK YOU HAVE EVER TAKEN FOR ME?
LET THE RISKS ALL NOW BE ENDING, LET THE BLADE FLY TO ITS HEIR! AND IN DYZAKK'S CAGE UNBENDING, SHALL THE VILLAIN DRIFT FORE'ER!
MORNING HAS COME ONCE AGAIN TO MANHATTAN-- AND WITH ITS BRIGHT ARRIVAL, THE THREAT OF TYRANNY HAS FALLEN BEFORE THE POWER OF A FRIENDSHIP.. AND OF A LOVE
THUS IT HAS BEEN, THUS EVER SHALL IT BE.
NO!
NEXT
MEET DREAM WEAVER
AND LIVE A NIGHTMARE!